The Sketch

No. 2526—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

PRETTILY PLAY-SUITED ROBERTA.

ROBERTA HUBY *is well suited by her play-suit made with zipped shorts and a sailor collar. She's starring opposite to Arthur Askey and Richard Murdoch in the Gaumont-British Gainsborough comedy "I Thank You." She's a gifted young actress who will be remembered for her appearance in the second edition of "Swinging the Gate," and as principal girl in the Formby "panto." "Dick Whittington" at Blackpool. In private life she's Mrs. John Roberts.*

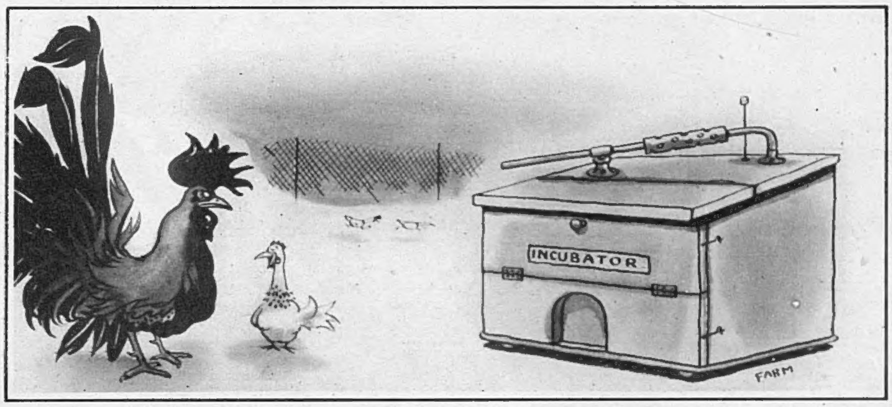
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

World's Record. Though I did not think so at the time, I wish that those—God help and forgive them!—who were responsible for my early education in history had not left me with the impression that nothing of any particular interest happened after about 4 A.D. Not a day passes but I lament, among many other yawning gaps in my education, an extremely scrappy and unsystematic knowledge of history in the past two thousand years—a period about which I feel I really ought to know more than I know about the political career of Cicero or the campaigns of Julius Cæsar. I should like, for example, to be able to trace clearly (but I can't) the history of Political Cynicism throughout that long period; and I wonder whether it would be possible to find any parallel to the Nazi treatment of pacts in general and the Russian Pact in particular. I doubt it. This, I imagine, would have taken the breath away from Machiavelli (a much misrepresented man) and left tough old Bismarck gasping.

Pacts and Facts.

To me, it is one of the most depressing signs of the times that we have almost ceased to bother about this aspect of the matter. The Hitler technique has now reached a point where it does not consider it necessary even to pretend that a pact means anything except a dose of dope. Nations used to have treaties and alliances, and sometimes they tried to keep them—anyhow, they did not usually treat them with contemptuous indifference as if they had never existed. I don't know why treaties fell out of fashion and there suddenly developed a universal passion for pacts, unless it was because nobody supposed that a pact ever really meant anything. However, I mustn't say that sort of thing—it has got me into enough trouble already. I've got a very bad reputation among all my idealistic friends for saying, at the time, that things like the Kellogg Pact and the Locarno Pact were of no more value than a fit of international hiccups. Anybody is prepared, at any time, to "renounce war" or to promise "non-aggression," because, obviously, it is always the other fellow who wants war, and who (especially if he is small and powerless) is threatening you.



"*Meet my mother.*" (DRAWN BY FARM.)

"*The* Scharnhorst *doesn't look nearly so* Gneisenau." (DRAWN BY ENDER.)

Red Flag or Red Rag? Well, anyhow, there's one more pact gone west—or, rather, gone east; and, oh, Uncle Joe, you may have thought yourself very sly and deep with your Masterly Inactivity, but it was really *very* guileless of you not to see this coming to you! Is that subtle fellow, Molotov, quite as clever as you thought he was? He may be all right at breadbaskets, but is he really a match for the Wilhelmstrasse in hits below the belt and stabs in the back? However, Joe, it is no time for recriminations or saying "I told you so." Let's all be pals together—and I'll make a bargain with you, Joe. You learn "God Save the King," and I'll learn "The Red Flag." Any objection on either side and all bets are off. Come to think of it, though it's an awful thing to confess, I don't believe I have ever heard "The Red Flag." I am told that even a friendly critic, none other than Mr. Bernard Shaw, has described it as resembling the Funeral March of a Fried Fish; but there, I am sure, Joe, that for once he did you less than justice. Never mind—I will compromise, if you like, on the "Volga Boat Song," but in that case you will have to learn "Rule, Britannia." Think it over and send me word by Sir Stafford.

"Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" "He promised to bring me a yard of new ribbon." Keep him up to his promise, and make it about twenty yards while you are about it, if you want a completely unrationed and uncouponed new Spring Model. Ribbons are "uncontrolled," and our legislators have not stated what the maximum width is to be. This raises the interesting question—when is a ribbon not a ribbon? For myself, I cannot see why any piece of material of any length and width is not a ribbon, but I dare say an early Order in Council will have something to say about that. Anyhow, I am not very much excited about it, because I don't think that any ribbon material which I am likely to get will make up into a practical or even an ornamental gent's suiting. If the worst comes to the worst, one can always get yards and yards of ribbon, within the meaning of the Act, and wrap oneself in a sort of cocoon of it. We shall all have to learn a subtle technique about these clothes-coupons, and there are going to be some headaches at the Board of Trade. For instance, I understand that you can save coupons by buying a blouse and skirt all in one piece. The obvious analogy is the one-piece coat-and-trousers, or at least the one-piece waistcoat-trousers—which is only common sense, anyhow. Even the shirt-and-collar combination saves one coupon. The radical solution, of course, is just a single garment for all, which may be a tiger-skin or a blanket, according to temperament. Failing that, a camouflage pattern of woad, calculated to make the police believe that one is a tree-trunk or a telephone booth.

The Magic Tin Hat.

Yes, headaches and pains in the joints are not likely to abate at the Board of Trade; for the complications of manufacture are many and marvellous. The President himself has recently told us the amazing story, seldom equalled in fact or fiction, of the Mock-Steel Helmet! Here, in brief, is its adventurous life-story. At first, a simple piece of steel, costing 4½d. Cut and spun into a shell and returned to the original company at 9d. With 3d. for "taking delivery," 1d. for cartage and 6d. for luck, it soars swiftly to 2s. Delivered to and treated by another company, it pursues its Excelsior career to 5s. 11½d., apparently for "inspection services." Add the buckle, lining and chin-strap, and you are now ready to sell the article to the retailer for a modest 14s. 6d. The retailer naturally wants his own little cut from the joint and, "with a restraint commendable

compared with that of the manufacturers," he offers the near-tin hat to the public for a mere 17s. 6d. It ought by this time to be a pretty good skull-protector—but alas! we have it on the authority of the President of the Board of Trade that a rusty old bowler would be equally effective in keeping out frightfulness, and that if you dropped this shrapnel-defier carelessly on the floor, it would take a nasty dint. However, the spectacular progress from 4½d. to 17s. 6d. is at least a remarkable example of the powerful processes of Big Industry and Economic Forces.

Ruling the Waves.

There are, after all—though it sometimes requires great faith to realise this—some advantages in being a man. If a man happens to have a permanent wave, it is usually the gift of nature, and it generally has some real quality of permanence—at least, until the melancholy process of "thinning" sets in. But the curious feature of a woman's so-called permanent wave is that it is essentially impermanent. Once done, it has got to be done again, and every woman who once accepts this yoke is the permanent slave of the permanent wave. What are these wild waves saying amid the storms of war? A depressing dirge, I fear—that paper and chemicals and "sachets" and tin-foil and all the other complex apparatus which puts kinks and undulations where nature forgot to put them—all these aids to elegance are running short and there is a danger that the waves may subside into a flat calm, or, at best, to mere ripples on the surface. It seems to me the only solution is to introduce a new process which will turn even wavy hair into straight hair. It is merely a matter of propaganda; once establish a Rat's Tail or Tallow Candle fashion of coiffure, and there will be plenty of work for the indomitable hairdresser to do. There was a time when men had permanent waves all over their faces; but where are the whiskers of yesteryear? Fashion, tactfully handled, can meet any emergency!

"Well, if your poor 'usband did break 'is neck, it must be some consolation to you to know that it was only falling over the cat did it!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Take, Oh, Take Those Lipsticks Away!

I think we men could, by a stern effort, accustom ourselves to, and even applaud, the spectacle of straight-haired women—more startling things than that have been put over on us ere now. And, although no woman will ever believe it, I think we could even view without abhorrence a woman whose lips were *not*, despite the poet, ruddier than the cherry or pinker than the peony. It may come to that. I observe that thieves and racketeers now scorn gold and precious stones, and traffic in the far more valuable commodity, lipsticks. The other day an enterprising gang of these new beauty-brigands had to yield up to the police no fewer than 8640 lipsticks. I should not be surprised to hear that they had to be protected by the police from an infuriated mob of blue-lipped women. All prudent wives are advised to keep their lipsticks at the bank, along with the family plate; otherwise, they are simply inviting burglars to the house.

Poor Old Grandma!

Enough, however, of personal adornment and the vanities of the toilet. There are more serious things in times like these—for instance, there are eggs and tomatoes and fish. I confess I have derived little comfort from the triumphant announcement of the Ministry of Food that people owning not more than fifty hens are actually to be allowed to eat their own home-produced eggs. That, no doubt, is a very handsome concession, but, unfortunately, I do not own fifty hens, or, indeed, one hen, and I should not have the slightest idea what to do with a hen even if I did own it. All I want is to own an egg of reasonable freshness and charm, and every morning at breakfast this modest ambition is frustrated. All this fuss about the controlled price does not interest me in the least, because I cannot get an egg at a controlled or any other price. Even my poor old grandmother cannot get a single egg to suck. I can bear that without complaint, but I wish Lord Woolton would not go about talking as if the world were full of hens and eggs, because, as far as I can see, the domestic hen is an extinct species, or, if it exists at all in these islands, it has long since given up its once admired habit of laying eggs.

The Disappearing Trick.

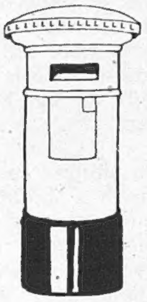
Tomatoes I could get, at about a shilling each; but has any tomato ever been worth a shilling? Yes, the tomatoes which, in the course of nature, are going to adorn my greenhouse in rich, red clusters—or so, in moments of poetic fancy, I picture them—will not be capable of being estimated in mere terms of money. The care, hope, ambition and tenderness which have been lavished upon them are far above lucre, and I do not care how much they "peg" tomatoes—mine will be better than any in the market, pegged or unpegged. How war changes our sense of values! To think that tomatoes were once things which we threw casually at politicians or stray cats! Fish, too—how scornfully have we undervalued, in the past, the spotted plaice and the common cod! Now we are assured that the price is to be controlled and there is to be "fish for all." Unfortunately, this seems to mean that there will be fish for nobody, since "controlling" a commodity appears to have the curious effect of disintegrating it into nothingness. This process, whether it be economic or chemical, has never been explained to the satisfaction of the consumer, but it seems to work with the certainty of a law of nature.

Milk and Honey.

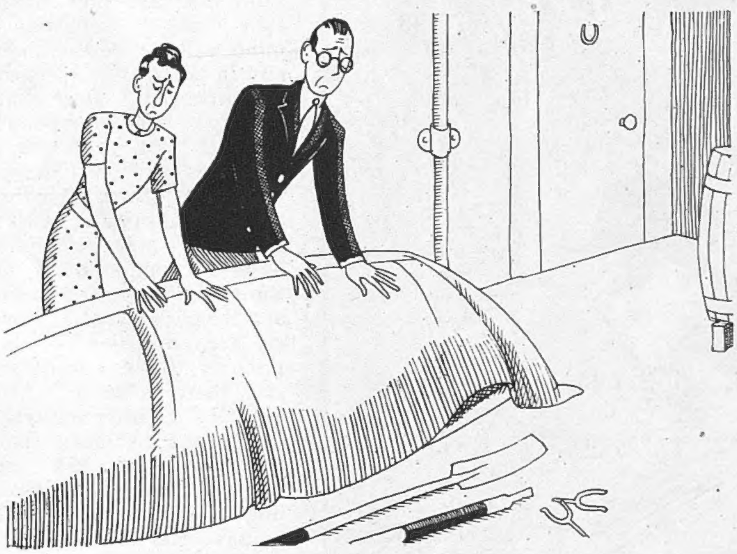
Would you seek a haven of refuge from all these hardships of war? Then try Tobruk. This is a land flowing not only with milk and honey, but (according to reports) with jam, marmalade, golden syrup and macaroni. Is there a housewife in our Island Fortress who would not gladly endure siege under a tropic sun for the sake of unlimited jam, marmalade, golden syrup and macaroni? It is true that there is a shortage of cigarettes in Tobruk, but there are hundreds of thousands of cheroots. Well, one could endure "No Cigarettes" with comparative equanimity if one could have a hundred thousand cheroots in compensation—at least, I think so, but I have to admit that I have never smoked an Italian cheroot, and it may be a more severe test of manhood than I realise. The Diggers, however, are surviving it, though they are reported to be not quite so philosophical about the beer-drought. But did I not see outside (I said *out*side) a public-house in Britain the other day the sinister words: "Please make your drink last longer"? When a British publican has to make that tragic appeal to his clientèle, it is evident that drought is not confined to Northern Africa. As an oasis, Tobruk seems to be doing rather well.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Mackerel are in the bay. Doesn't that sentence recall happy summer holidays to your mind? It does to mine. Long, hot days in old Vinnecombe's boat, Philip and Alexander fighting against sea-sickness even on the calmest day, and me having to ask somebody to take my fish off the hook for me, and being jeered at by all you boys for a weak female. I sometimes wonder whether being brought up with a lot of boys, and having to pretend to be tougher than you really are all the time, is quite the Good Thing it is supposed to be. When I said something about it to Charles he said, "Now, for goodness' sake don't say 'Inferiority Complex.' I have to listen to that expression all day long from people who don't know what they are talking about."



"Tell her that the war won't last for ever."

Nearly all the fishing this year is being done in the seines from the beach. Our poor little dinghy, the *P.T.O.*, lies sadly in the yard with a green tarpaulin over her. We can't take her to the river-mouth as we usually do, and if she were on the beach it would take the Evacuees just about half an hour to break her up, so she's there for the duration, I'm afraid, poor dear. Charles and I sometimes give her a gentle smack on her elegant side as we pass, and tell her to cheer up and that the war won't last for ever; but there is a melancholy, drooping look about her, poor darling, which is sad to see. Charles says that lying on your face in the yard is enough to make anybody droop.

The lazy old seine methods are still very much the same, Robert, and you will be glad to hear that, in spite of the war, there are still enough Visitors to do most of the hard work. The look-out man still sits on the edge of the cliff, gazing out to sea with a far-away look in his eyes, as though he were pondering the mystery of the relentless deep, and the Visitors tiptoe past, unwilling to disturb his simple thoughts. Suddenly he lets out a blood-curdling yell, one old gentleman falls off a seat backwards, and everybody else rushes down to the beach. The fishermen in the rowing-boat, who have been paddling gently up and down a few yards from the shore, spring to their feet and begin throwing their net overboard as quickly as they can. Some of the willing helpers rush into the water to seize the ends of the rope, wasting many clothes coupons by this generous action. Old Vinnecombe remains dry-footed on the beach, and conducts proceedings as though the Visitors were an orchestra and he Sir Henry Wood.

"Pale but brave, they hurry back."

"That's right, Miss. Now you take a hold on this rope here-like, and when I says pull, yu pull, see? Thank yu, Zur. Thank yu kindly. This zide, if yu please, Zur."

Vinnecombe looks round anxiously. There aren't quite enough pullers yet. It would be a terrible thing if he were forced to put hand to rope after all these years. Drat the blarsted war! He approaches the windlass against which I am leaning, recognises me, and retreats with a grin. But here come more Visitors who want to help pull in the net. They have to go a long way round, because of the barbed wire. They want to help very badly indeed, for they are running along the pebbles crying out that they will soon be there. Occasionally one falls down.

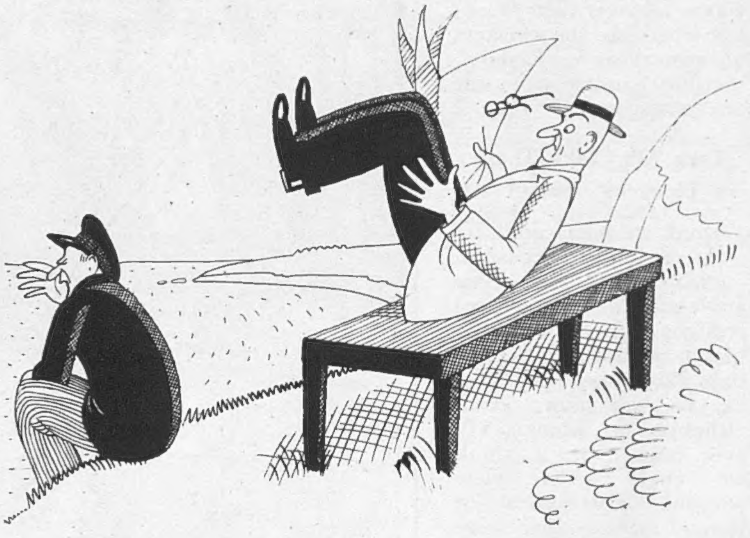
They arrive panting. "Are we in time?"

Yes, they are in time. They are shown their places on the rope and told to pull. Sometimes they pull too hard, and sit down suddenly on the pebbles, but they don't mind. They love it. And presently there is a heap of gleaming, leaping fish on the beach.

The Visitors gather round, entranced. Would it be possible to buy some?

Yes, it would. Vinnecombe selects the large ones, and those Visitors who are lucky enough to have a piece of string in their pockets have the fish neatly threaded and handed to them. The others have a live and palpitating gill hooked on to each finger. Pale but brave, they hurry back to their lodgings, where the landladies are annoyed, because they have just opened tins of salmon.

Vinnecombe approaches me again. "Wude Doctor Charles like two-three mackerel?" he says.
"If you've got a piece of string."
"Yume as squeamish about fish as when yu was a little maid," he says, pulling a piece of string out of his pocket.
"*Small* ones, Vinnecombe."



"He lets out a blood-curdling yell."

Vinnecombe grins at me, for we both know that the only mackerel worth eating are the small ones. I take them home and Evensong is annoyed, but we have them for supper and they are delicious.

Charles, who was called to an outlying village the other night, was stopped at the cross-roads by a waving torch.
"Ew goes there?" said a solemn voice.
"Friend," said Charles meekly.
"Show your Indentity Card, Friend."
"I'm afraid I haven't got it."
"Then yu can't pass this way, Zur."
"Don't be silly, Tozer," said Charles, recognising the voice of an old friend who is now in the Home Guard. "I'm in a hurry."
"Sorry, Doctor Charles, but orders is orders."
"I bet you haven't got yours," said Charles.
"Ar!" said Tozer. "But I know who I be!"

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"I WANT HALF A POUND OF BUTTER, AND I'M *NOT* REGISTERED HERE!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

MARINADE DE POISSON.

The two best fish for this dish are cod and rock salmon, as their flesh is firm and does not crumble easily. A pound and a half should be sufficient for four people, and I should advise asking the fishmonger to cut your choice into cutlets of equal thickness.

The first move is to sprinkle the fish with salt and pepper and leave in a cool place. Meanwhile fry, in two tablespoonfuls of oil, six large spring onions and two medium-sized carrots cut into thin slices. (When they are available a handful of peas and chopped French beans are a good addition.)

When the vegetables are tender, add one or more tablespoonfuls of oil and the cutlets and fry well on both sides, but without browning. Remove from the pan, lay out on a dish, and arrange the vegetables on and around the fish.

Pour the oil into a saucepan, mix in half a dessertspoonful of flour, add one teacupful, half-water, half-vinegar, and bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Remove from the fire and mix with two tablespoonfuls of milk and one of tomato ketchup (not absolutely necessary).

Place both dressing and fish in a cool place and when quite cold pour over the sauce. If you have a frigidaire leave the dish till iced; if not, choose the coldest place available. Serve with cold asparagus or a potato salad.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

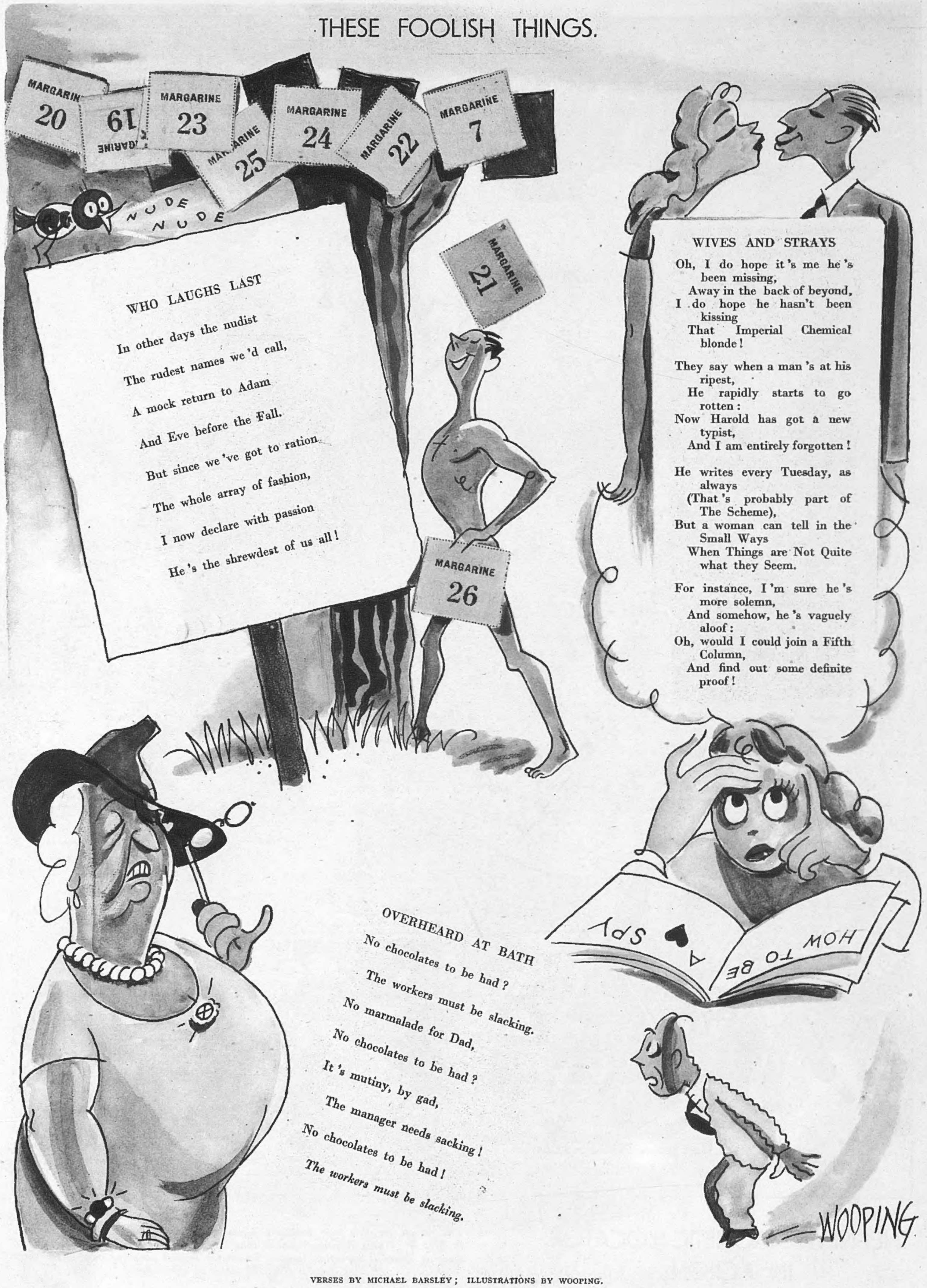
UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 9. MARINADE DE POISSON.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE NEW MAGNETIC LOCATOR IN ACTION.

The design for this new magnetic locator for the detection of enemy bombers is Mr. W. Heath Robinson's latest contribution to home security. His spirited drawing shows it in action locating an enemy bomber sneaking over under cover of cloud. Note the elaborate camouflage.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.



WHO LAUGHS LAST

In other days the nudist
The rudest names we'd call,
A mock return to Adam
And Eve before the Fall.
But since we've got to ration
The whole array of fashion,
I now declare with passion
He's the shrewdest of us all!

WIVES AND STRAYS

Oh, I do hope it's me he's been missing,
Away in the back of beyond,
I do hope he hasn't been kissing
That Imperial Chemical blonde!

They say when a man's at his ripest,
He rapidly starts to go rotten:
Now Harold has got a new typist,
And I am entirely forgotten!

He writes every Tuesday, as always
(That's probably part of The Scheme),
But a woman can tell in the Small Ways
When Things are Not Quite what they Seem.

For instance, I'm sure he's more solemn,
And somehow, he's vaguely aloof:
Oh, would I could join a Fifth Column,
And find out some definite proof!

OVERHEARD AT BATH

No chocolates to be had?
The workers must be slacking.
No marmalade for Dad,
No chocolates to be had?
It's mutiny, by gad,
The manager needs sacking!
No chocolates to be had!
The workers must be slacking.

VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY; ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ACTING CHIEF CONTROLLER JEAN KNOX, A.T.S., for being a woman of ideas who has become "major-general" at thirty-three.

MRS. JEAN KNOX *entered the A.T.S. as Company Commandant in 1939, before the war started. Last March, as Senior Commandant, she was appointed to the new post of "ideas woman," to tour the country and lay before the War Office her suggestions for the improvement of conditions in the Force. And last week she was gazetted Acting Chief Controller—an appointment equivalent to that of Major-General. Now, at thirty-three, she is head of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, one of the armed forces of the Crown. Mrs. Knox is the wife of a squadron leader in the R.A.F., and has a girl of 14 who is eagerly waiting till she is old enough to join her mother's Service.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE is a picture in London this week that gives an emphatic answer to the burning question: Can one man produce, direct, star in and partly write a film, and still make a good do of it? The film is "PIMPERNEL SMITH." The theatre is the Odeon. The man is Leslie Howard. The answer is, he can. Other people, many others, technical men and players, have helped towards the success of "Pimpernel Smith," but if there ever was a film with the imprint of one man's personality on it, this is it. I often used to wonder, watching him on the floor, how Leslie Howard could hope to fulfil so many functions, and yet keep the picture balanced and objective. There he would be, in his director's chair, rehearsing a group of actors in, say, a scene in a railway carriage. After the take, the soundman would come to him with his inevitable queries. It might be: "Airplane noises on the end of the take. Shall we print it?" From an actor in the middle of a sequence, he had to turn round again and, in a flash, become an executive. It just didn't seem possible that a co-ordinate picture could be made under these conditions. And yet it has.

I think the secret is that the character of the man he plays, the ideology of the film, is so much a part of Mr. Howard's own thought that the mood is never lost, however much it may be interrupted. Of all the film people in England at this time, Mr. Howard seems to me to understand best the English temper. He knows just how to mix patriotism with diffidence,

Weakling of "RAGE IN HEAVEN" *(Empire), Philip Monrell* (ROBERT MONTGOMERY) *has a charming wife in Stella* (INGRID BERMAN), *owns a huge steel works, in which Ward Andrews* (GEORGE SANDERS) *is engineer. Incapable of handling the works, domineering, Philip makes a mess of things; the workmen attack him, and Ward, whom he hates, saves him. In a quarrel, he forces Ward to admit that he loves Stella. She realises her husband is going mad, and leaves him for Ward.*

how to salt everything with humour, how to make dramatic things seem so simple that we feel we could go out ourselves and do them to-morrow. His "Pimpernel Smith" is something more than Baroness Orczy up to date. It is an apotheosis of the whole English character.

The hero of the piece is a Professor of Archæology at Cambridge, who spends his off-time, in the days before the war, rescuing men of science and culture from Nazi Germany. Nobody, of course, knows the identity of the rescuer. The Berlin Ministry of Propaganda, privately exercised, publicly deny his existence. He "comes and goes like a shadow." In the opening scenes he is seen only in silhouette. The only clue that the Gestapo have to work on is a few bars of music that he whistles whenever he pulls off a job.

Armed with this musical phrase, which turns out to be the English drinking-song "There is a Tavern in the Town," the modern Chauvelin (Francis Sullivan) sets out to track him down. It is the long vacation by now, in the fateful summer of 1939, and the Professor has come to Germany with a party of his students, ostensibly digging for Aryan relics. At a ball at the British Embassy, reminiscent of the Duchess of Richmond's ball in the original "Pimpernel"—do you remember: "Meet me in the supper-room, at twelve o'clock precisely"?—the hunt closes in.

The Gestapo chief has hired a Polish girl (Mary Morris) to spy for him. The girl's father is in a concentration camp, and she has very little option. Her quick intuition, and the Professor's awkwardness with women, leads to the discovery that the Gestapo has been unable to make. But in the meantime a complication has set in. Love, of course, is the complication. I won't spoil the film by telling you how it ends. All I can say is, see it. I think it's fine, and I haven't met anyone yet who doesn't agree with me.

Dietrich, René Clair, and "THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS" reopen the long-darkened Leicester Square Theatre this week. This is the first picture that the French director has made since his flight to America last summer, and it's a treat. It can't be altogether easy now to find a new *milieu* for Marlene Dietrich, who seems set for one sort of picture mainly. They have managed it rather neatly this time, by putting the colourful lady into the colourful Mississippi town at the most colourful period of its history—the busy days of a century back, when there was vigour in the saloons and elegance in the *salons*.

Philip is found with a knife through his heart, and evidence being strongly against Ward, he is arrested for murder.

Dietrich appears as one Claire Ledoux, a lady with a European past, who turns up in New Orleans society as a visiting countess. There, with her feathers, and fringe, and lace, and liquid lips behind heavy veils, she sets out to "work" the rich lads of the bayous. She sings drawing-room ballads with a suggestion that is far from drawing-room. She has a pretty line in faints. She plays off a fussy local bachelor (Roland Young) against a Russian elegant (Mischa Auer) who knew her in her St. Petersburg days, and finally throws them both over to marry a virile young river-boat skipper (Bruce Cabot).

The whole film is light, trivial and gay, but thoroughly engaging. More and more, in her latter films, Dietrich seems to have been discarding her lusher tricks and working out the vein of comedy that is natural in her. She is still lush, to be sure, but she's funny too, and Mr. Auer and Mr. Young are funny, and Clair's light touch carries the film buoyantly along. See "The Flame of New Orleans." It'll tickle you.

Though Philip's butler Clark (AUBREY MATHER; *right) reports having heard Philip quarrelling with Ward on the night before his death, Dr. Rameau* (OSCAR HOMOLKA; *left) is convinced of his innocence. He helps Stella to search the room for evidence in his favour, being quite sure that Philip, an exhibitionist, would have left behind him some boastful record of his crime. Philip's personal diary is traced to Paris, and in it is found a detailed description of his plot to commit suicide under such circumstances that Ward must be arrested for murder.*

Another lalapalooza, as the Americans would say, in a remarkable week, is "THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES" (Gaumont). This is the sort of film that seems ready-made for every type of audience. It is funny, moving, human, romantic, and sound common sense—with two beautiful acting performances by Charles Coburn and Jean Arthur. The Devil is good-humoured, dyspeptic millionaire John P. Merrick (Charles Coburn), a middle-aged bachelor who owns so much of New York that he has forgotten he owns a big department store as well, until he reads in the paper one morning that its employees have hanged his effigy from a lamp-post.

Learning that the staff, incited by union leaders, are seething with discontent, J.P. sets out in person to investigate. Always a believer in the practical, he engages himself as a clerk in his own shoe department. There, unrecognised by anybody, he finds out at first hand how the workers live. A young sales-girl, Mary Jones (Jean Arthur), takes him under her wing. She lends him 50 cents for lunch when he remarks, dyspeptically, that he never eats any. She introduces him to her friend (Spring Byington), who ultimately becomes his wife. She gives him tips as to the handling of recalcitrant shoppers, and warns him against the officious manager (Edmund Gwenn). Finally, she takes him to a union meeting organised by her firebrand fiancé (Robert Cummings). There J.P. hears the workers' complaints against him, is hauled up on to the platform by Miss Jones as an awful example of the victimised old age they all of them face — and, now convinced of the justice of their case, enthusiastically urges them to strike against him.

The whole piece is full of gay scenes, human touches, and ironic little incidents that might have been lifted straight from real life. Jean Arthur, with her pert face and cricket voice, is just right for this type of part, and veteran Charles Coburn proves again that he is right for any part he wants to do. Half the fun of the film is the fact that *we*, the audience, know all the time what he 's up to, but the other people don't. We are in his confidence, we are on his side, and we know, however tough the going, that in the end he 'll have the last laugh. That 's a formula that has never failed yet in drama.

Paramount's "MOON OVER BURMA" (Plaza, July 18) stars DOROTHY LAMOUR as Arla Dean, who meets Bill Gordon (PRESTON FOSTER) and his partner, Chuck Lane, in a night-club, celebrating the raising of capital by mortgaging their shares in a teak business to one Stephen Harmon. They take Arla home to their camp, and Harmon's daughter makes mischief between them over the girl. Harmon meantime tries to capture their trade by putting a dishonest overseer on to their compound to dislocate the teak output. Arla stays on, and the overseer is trapped trying to make a log jam down the river.

There 's nothing gay at all about "RAGE IN HEAVEN" (Empire), a study of jealousy, dementia and murder on the grim lines Robert Montgomery favoured in "Night Must Fall" and "The Earl of Chicago." Adapted from a James Hilton story, it tells how an upper-class Englishman, Philip Monrell (Robert Montgomery), escapes from an asylum in Paris, and comes home to marry the pretty secretary (Ingrid Bergman) whom his mother has engaged in his absence. Tender and romantic in its early scenes, the film soon begins to take on a grim note as the husband shows recurrent symptoms of paranoia.

He loses his head in business, and tries to bludgeon his steel-workers into ending a strike. He develops a horror of the moon. He is afraid of shadows. Worst of all, he begins to suspect his wife of infidelity with his best friend (George Sanders). This obsession grows and grows, and when an attempt at murder has failed, the madman plans a perfect suicide, which will implicate the friend and bring him to the gallows. Luckily, the plot miscarries. The suicide is too perfect. It is so perfect that the madman's vanity can't resist a detailed programme of it in his diary. This diary, according to his scheme, is to be given to the widow a year after his death. The climax of the film is the age-old race against the clock, the frenzied efforts of the wife and a doctor from the Paris asylum to find the document in time to save an innocent man from hanging.

You must make up your own mind about "Rage in Heaven." I can't pretend that it 's not on the morbid side. But personally I prefer Robert Montgomery in these specialised rôles to the flippant, bright-boy stuff with which he made his name. Besides, there is always Ingrid Bergman. It 's a long time now, too long, since the screen introduced us to Miss Bergman in "Escape to Happiness." There was talk then of her being a new Garbo—which she wasn't. There was promise of her being a fresh, fine actress—which she is. It was one of the perennial mysteries of Hollywood that she was allowed to remain idle for more than a year.

Well, she 's back now, and a good thing too. Currently she is working with Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Mr. Tracy has been reported as hazarding that her performance will make the film. In "Rage in Heaven" she has a difficult part to play, a part befogged by horror and dementia. But her healthy charm cuts through it, and makes it seem worth while.

"PENNY SERENADE" (Regal) has Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in it, but don't let that mislead you into expecting one of the crazy comedies, like "My Favourite Wife" and "The Awful Truth," with which the partnership is generally associated. "Penny Serenade" has many comic sequences, but on the whole it 's on the gentle, homely side. Cary Grant plays a newspaper reporter, but not the usual loud-mouthed fellow who wears debauched hats and wrangles with his editor. Through most of the piece he is well and neatly dressed, sometimes with a flower in the buttonhole; a bit irresponsible, perhaps, but by nature a good husband and a born father.

The story begins with the whirlwind courtship and marriage of reporter Roger Adams (Cary Grant) and music-store sales-girl Julie (Irene Dunne). They are very young, very gay, and very much in love, and if it wasn't so early in the picture you would say that everything was set for an idyllic future. But an earthquake in Tokyo, where Roger has been sent on an assignment, injures Julie and ends their hopes of parenthood. Sobered and disillusioned, they settle down in America and buy a small-town newspaper. No earthquakes bother them there, but they still have their troubles, centring round the adoption of a baby girl and the anxieties of proxy parentage.

The baby, as babies do, rather tends to get on top of the plot, but lots of people won't mind that. Babies, after all, do happen, and rather more frequently than earthquakes, for that matter. The nursery influence is strong, but neat direction, and Mr. Grant's and Miss Dunne's expert response to it, prevent the film from really growing maudlin. There are tunes in it, too, old-fashioned pieces like "Missouri Waltz" and "Penny Serenade," the song-hit of the title. "You won't find sex in any of them," the distributors tell us. They are "wholesome." . . . Yes, "wholesome" is probably the right word for this picture.

Gordon (PRESTON FOSTER) shoots a cobra which has chased Arla up the trellis. In "Moon Over Burma" Dorothy Lamour has a brand-new star personality—from sultry singer she becomes bantering beauty with a shortened hair-dressing, but still glamorous.

Murder in the modern humorous mode is the keynote of "FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK" (Warner's). Francis Warren, a young and wealthy broker, whose hobby is writing mystery thrillers under an assumed name, gets involved in a real-life murder mystery. Naturally, with his experience, he is better able to solve it than the official police. Naturally, too, his professional interest in a cabaret blonde involves him in trouble with his wife (Brenda Marshall). And naturally the blonde, who is not altogether, I fear, a good blonde, is for it. Errol Flynn comes back from the rapier-and-buckskin age, to play the sleuth in a natty pin-stripe suit. His admirers will find all those charms of wry smile, raised eyebrow, lazy strength that they like so much. His sangfroid in a dentist's chair, faced by a killer with a local anæsthetic, is something that has to be seen to be believed. Ralph Bellamy, a sober actor who does everything well, is a surprise choice, but a good one, for the killer.

VISCOUNT NUFFIELD, *in his uniform as Hon. Colonel of an anti-aircraft brigade, leaving the Palace after being invested with the G.B.E.*

MRS. WELLINGTON KOO, *wife of the new Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain. She was formerly Countess Hoey Stoker.*

MR. ANTHONY DREXEL BIDDLE, *United States Ambassador to the exiled Governments, attended the American Independence Day lunch in London with* MRS. DREXEL BIDDLE.

MISS PAMELA GIBSON, *younger daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson, Avington Manor, Hungerford, is engaged to Captain R. G. Pollok-McCall, the Black Watch.*

MISS MARGARET WILLIAMS-WYNN, *eldest daughter of Captain Watkin Williams-Wynn, is to marry Captain H. C. F. Hamilton, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, on July 23.*

DR. WELLINGTON KOO, *formerly Chinese Ambassador to France, is the new Chinese Ambassador to London. He was Chinese Minister here twenty years ago.*

MISS CLARE BOOTHE *(Mrs. Henry Luce) is seen with* MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK *on a visit to one of Mme. Chiang's orphanages in China. Miss Boothe is the author of "European Spring."*

The engagement of MISS KIRSTIN ALBRECHTSEN, *daughter of Hr. L. Albrechtsen, of Vibsig, Denmark, to Lord Dudley, son of the late Lord Dudley and Lady Dudley, Kempsey, Worcester, has been announced.*

BRIDES, BRIDEGROOMS, AND BIG SHOTS OF TH

MRS. WINANT and H.E. the UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR, MR. WINANT, *greeting* MISS SARAH CHURCHILL *(Mrs. Vic Oliver) at the Independence Day lunch.*

HENRY CHINNERY *is the Eton captain for the 1941 Eton and Harrow match, fixed to be played at Eton on July 12.*

MR. A. O. L. LITHGOW, *now in the Black Watch, captained the 1940 Harrow XI.* DAVID HENLEY *(left) is the captain for this year's match, fixed for July 12.*

Left: The marriage of MISS ANNE CHRISTIAN, *younger daughter of the late Admiral and Mrs. Christian, to* CAPTAIN J. DEREK WIGAN, *elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. J. T. Wigan, took place at the Guards' Chapel.*

Right: MISS JOAN FENELLA CLEAVER, *only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Cleaver, is engaged to Mr. David Crichton, eldest son of Colonel the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton.*

MRS. WILLIAM MOLLISON, *Mount Pleasant, Crawley Down, Sussex, is engaged to Captain J. M. Dennis, the Life Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Dennis, of Holme Manor, Pulborough.*

MR. RAYMOND GRAM SWING, *the well-known American commentator whose voice is familiar to every listener-in, recently arrived in London. Here he is giving his views at a Press reception.*

DIPLOMATIC, SPORTING AND LITERARY WORLDS.

A ducking is imminent for nurse! An amusing study of the victor and the vanquished in the slippery-pole event at a hospital sports day somewhere in England. The audience are registering much pleasure!

NOT-SO-USUAL NEWS ITEMS.

DIANA HARE, daughter of Robertson Hare, was Puck in the Webber-Douglas Brockhill House production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Screen star CONSTANCE BENNETT recently married GILBERT ROLAND, actor-son of a Mexican bull-fighter. His real name is Luis de Alonso, and he is her third husband.

This Ceylon elephant has "joined up" for the duration. He is one of Mr. Marshall's pet elephants, Mannikin and Molly, and is doing lumber work in Northants while master serves with the R.A.F.

CLAIRE LUCE made her Shakespearean début as Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew" at Southwark Park. She's posed among East End children, with her producer, ROBERT ATKINS.

Panshanger, Lord and Lady Desborough's famous country place, is occupied by mothers and babies from badly-bombed areas who need rest and recuperation. Here some of them are coming down the grand staircase.

This notice points out that Lord and Lady Desborough and their personal friends use the back door at Panshanger, while the mothers and babies from bombed and "blitzed" areas occupy the State rooms and use the front door.

"ROUND THE CLOCK," BY THE PAY CORPS.

"The Guard Room: a Dream" is one of the gay and amusing numbers of "ROUND THE CLOCK," the Pay Corps revue.

BLONDIE, KITTY and LOIS are the girls of "Three in Harmony," a musical number.

The Army Pay Corps revue cast has revealed much talent. Here, for instance, are "Les Girls."

"All Bliss and Bevin Too"—her last morning before joining the Bevin girls for National Service.

"ROUND THE CLOCK," a revue arranged and presented by the military and civilian staff of the Regimental Pay Office, is due for presentation at the Eastern Command H.Q. on July 30. These pictures were taken at the first of three performances given at the Cripplegate Institute Theatre in the City, where the show had a great reception.

Right: The finale of "Round the Clock" with the members of the cast grouped on the stage and acknowledging the cheers of the audience.

1. *Chi-chi de 1930.*
2. *The house of pleasure.*
3. Oisive jeunesse.
4. *The glamour age*—DOLORES DEL RIO.
5. *The* VICOMTESSE DE NOAILLES *catches the photographer's eye.*
6. *Significant form.*

BEATON BETWEEN-WAR PERIOD MOSAIC: 1923-1940 TIME EXPOSURE OF LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON. REPRODUCED FROM "TIME EXPOSURE," BY CECIL BEATON AND PETER QUENNELL (BATSFORD).

7. *Moroccan flypaper.*

8. *Contemporary ballet.*

9. *A summer before the war.*

10. *Exiles of the war—evacuated from the East End.*

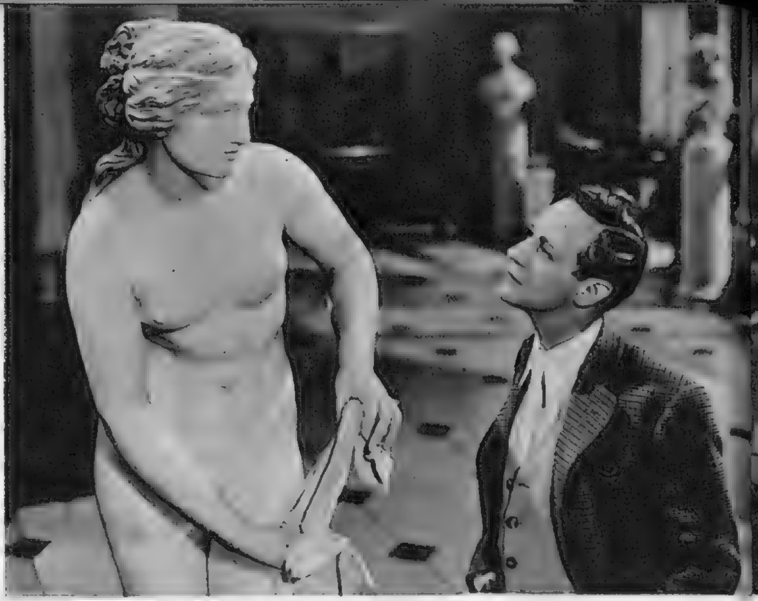
11. LILY LANGTRY *(the late Lady de Bathe).*

12. *Musician,* LORD BERNERS.

The Cecil Beaton photographs on these pages form a mosaic of the life of the between-war period of 1923-40. They are selected from 300 of his best camera studies published in "Time Exposure," by Cecil Beaton and Peter Quennell. Mr. Quennell points out in his commentary that the photographs belong "to one of the most extraordinary periods of human history, a period as remarkable in its way and perhaps as catastrophic, as the epoch that preceded the fall of the Roman Empire." He also says: "They are at once an incitement to sentimentality and a recall to order. *Memento mori* say the *fêtes champêtres* and the fashionable portrait groups." The contents of "Time Exposure" are arranged according to subject, such as Personalities, Travel, Still Life, and so on.

LESLIE HOWARD IN "PIMPERNEL SMITH":

LESLIE HOWARD *as the not-so-simple Professor Smith.*



The Professor looks at one of his treasured classical statues.

Von Graum (FRANCIS SULLIVAN), *the Gestapo chief, is disturbed by the many mysterious escapes from the concentration camps.*

"PIMPERNEL SMITH," the new British National Films production which went into the Odeon programme on Monday, July 7, presents Mr. Leslie Howard as a modern version of that famous character, the "Scarlet Pimpernel," Sir Percy Blakeney. Smith is a Cambridge Professor of Archæology, apparently absent-minded and simple, but actually courageous and subtle to the *n*th degree. Before the outbreak of war he and a band of students visit Germany, and Smith

[*Continued opposite.*

Left: The scarecrow at the concentration camp plays a most important part in the story.

On attempting to leave Germany Professor Smith and Ludmilla are closely questioned by the Gestapo men.

Left: MARY MORRIS *as Ludmilla, daughter of Koslowski, a Polish journalist who has fallen into the clutches of the Nazis.*

PROFESSOR BEATS THE GESTAPO

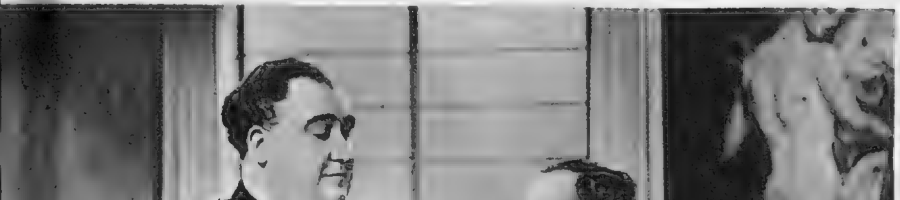
The Professor with Ludmilla (MARY MORRIS), *David Maxwell* (HUGH McDERMOTT), *and the band who help him to rescue victims of the Gestapo.*

Victims of Nazi cruelty working under inhuman discipline at a concentration camp.

Ludmilla Koslowski (MARY MORRIS) *is questioned by Von Graum, the vicious and cruel Gestapo chief.*

Continued].
successfully engineers many escapes from concentration camps. His work of mercy is complicated by a love-affair with Ludmilla, who, in order to save her father, is working with the Nazis, but in the end he outwits the whole power of the Gestapo and makes a triumphant getaway. Mr. Howard not only stars in the picture, but produced and directed it.

Right: LESLIE HOWARD *as Pimpernel Smith, the Cambridge professor who seems absent-minded, but is very much all there.*



The Cambridge professor, Pimpernel Smith, in conversation with the German Gestapo chief, humorless and ponderous Von Graum.

Right: LESLIE HOWARD *as Professor Smith, Cambridge Professor of Archæology, who beats the Nazis on points over and over again.*

"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES"—WITH JEAN ARTHUR.

Hooper (EDMUND GWENN), *the disagreeable manager of the store, upbraids Mary* (JEAN ARTHUR) *and Merrick* (CHARLES COBURN).

Mary at one moment believes Merrick to be a spy. Hence she's getting busy with a ski-boot, the thing for fifth columnists!

Complaints made by Merrick fail to impress the store bath-house attendant (FRANK MILLS).

Store-owner Merrick, disguised as an employee, gets fired. Detectives (CHARLES IRWIN, WILLIAM DEMAREST) *and Mary are in this group.*

Merrick, Joe (ROBERT CUMMINGS) *and Mary appeal to the stony-hearted manager on behalf of the staff, and get a telling-off.*

"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES," due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on July 13 is R.K.O. Radio's new Jean Arthur picture. Rich store-owner Merrick decides to investigate reasons for dissatisfaction in one of his stores by taking a job there under an assumed name. The bullying manager, Hooper, dislikes him, and he seems so poor and helpless that assistant Mary (Jean Arthur) takes him in hand. Her fiancé, Joe (Robert Cummings), leads the labour group and at one time Merrick finds himself helping to organise a strike of his own employees to get better conditions.

A happy picnic-party at Coney Island, consisting of Merrick, Elizabeth (SPRING BYINGTON), *Mary and Joe.*

MARLENE IN THE FINERY OF 1841.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S *beauty is enhanced by the elaborate nineteenth-century finery which she wears as Claire Ledoux, heroine of René Clair's new film, "The Flame of New Orleans," due at the Leicester Square Theatre on July 11. The period is 1841, and Valenciennes lace trimming, ospreys, silver tinsel and curls are featured in the wardrobe of the fascinating adventuress who comes over to New Orleans from Europe and creates a stir. The film is discussed by our critic in "Cinema Cameos."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE short stories collected in "Presenting Moonshine" are fantasies with an extremely bitter taste. Less serious in intention than "His Monkey Wife" or "Tom 's a-Cold," they are inspired by the same grim conception of the human lot. One suspects, indeed, that Mr. Collier finds life too grim a matter to be treated realistically in fiction. He has an irresistible impulse to laugh at human folly, an impulse he could not indulge if his laughter were to be taken seriously, for it would seem too heartless; so he invents a world where the reader, without doing overmuch violence to his feelings, can cackle with the laughter of the fiends who are so often the moving spirits of the stories.

Not that the Devil is necessarily more disagreeable than the human beings with whom he consorts. For instance, in "Thus I Refute Beelzy" we can only congratulate him on mopping up Big Simon, that abominable parent who had denied his reality to his imaginative small son. This is a perfect story of its kind, and never was poetic justice more acceptable. In "Half Way to Hell" the Devil again does a useful piece of abduction which no one will regret; moreover, in this story, as in "The Right Side," the Powers of Darkness are happily outwitted by their intended victim. The parrot-fiend in "Bird of Prey," a monstrous creation which even on a warm afternoon cannot be thought of without a shudder, is a tougher proposition. Even when not corporeally present, the Devil makes his influence felt in most of the stories, never more tragically than in "Special Delivery," or more divertingly than in "Sleeping Beauty." The first tells how a young man fell in love with a wax dummy in the window of an Oxford Street store; the second how another young man, of similar temperament, conceived for "The Sleeping Beauty," an exhibit at a show, a passion which made him sell all he had to free her from this undignified way of life. In the end, he found a medicine that would awake her, and what a shock, what a bitter surprise, to hear the voice that came through those lovely lips and to be obliged to listen to the words they uttered.

A Recurring Theme. Analysing these stories, we find that one theme recurs again and again. An idealistic young man falls in love with a woman on whom he confers all the attributes of his idealising; she turns out to be something very different, and he is left with the cracked husk of his dream, a husk which never had a kernel save in his imagination. Regarded conventionally, this is a tragic theme and, *au fond*, Mr. Collier recognises that it is; but for some reason he prefers to treat it with a fantastic and bitter humour, lavishing on the victim of the infatuation every humiliation that his acute sense of the ludicrous can devise. "If Youth Knew. If Age Could," is a perfect example of Mr. Collier's dominating idea. The thrifty young Frenchman, more fastidious in his approach to sexual life than his kind are thought to be, finds at last the object of his adoration; and that adoration survives, in a slightly diminished form, the discovery that she has a husband of eighty whose death will not only set her free, but make her rich. He is, she assures her lover, a husband only in name. The final revelation that this is not the case brings into play all Mr. Collier's powers of cruel irony; the laugh he extracts from us at Henri Maurras' expense is as wry as a laugh can be. Of course, there is pity behind it, but even so it is extremely cruel.

Full-Blooded Art. Fantasy, burlesque, exaggeration: these are three of the dominating qualities of Mr. Collier's art. It is an art whose faults are faults of excess, not of defect; his literary blood-pressure is too high, not too low; and this is a complaint that is all too rare among the novelists of to-day who, apart from a few like Mr. Linklater and Mr. Collier, would rather understate than overstate. Mr. Linklater has a robust attitude both towards art and towards life. Mr. Collier's attitude towards art is robust enough, but as regards life, he is an escapist, though the paths he chooses for escape are more painful, perhaps, than life itself, and not more irrational. As a writer he is very gifted, and his style, though more remarkable for individual felicities than for perfection of form, has the distinction of originality. About his future it is hard to hazard a guess. He will always, it seems, be a novelist of reaction, at odds with the accepted and the contemporary, and this would appear to make development unlikely. On the other hand, his imagination has a life of its own which, like the chameleon's, can be sustained on light and air; and, as a fantasist, the only contact he needs with reality is the kick that raises him above it.

The wholehearted plastering our bombers are giving to the enemy gives point to our reproduction of "THE BRIEFING" *painted by Mr. Frank Salisbury and presented by him to the R.A.F. Squadron whose members are shown in it. The briefing of bomber crews is a prelude to every bombing operation and includes the fullest details of the task before them, besides any possible snags they may meet. The Intelligence Officer on the right is giving instructions to the crews who receive them with keen attention, while a pilot bends over a map measuring distances with a pair of dividers. Under the Squadron's insignia the artist has lettered Stephen Spender's verse: "Born of the sun they travelled a short while towards the sun, And left the vivid air signed with their honour."*

PAINTED BY FRANK O. SALISBURY, C.V.O., L.L.D., R.I., R.P.S.

The War in England and France. Miss Helen Beauclerk is another interesting writer. She belongs to the opposite school, the school of half-tones and understatements. "Shadows on the Wall" is a serious and subtle attempt to present the first year of the war as it affected two countries, England and France, and two personalities, Esther Daleson, a rich woman, whose money had made the mechanics of living fatally easy, and Adèle, the daughter of a shop-keeper, whose forty-two-year-old husband had, when the story opens, been called up for military service. Adèle was living, in Continental fashion, with her parents-in-law and their family on the Riviera when the threat of war took Esther away from that happy playground of the rich—and took away, too, the link between the two women: Jane, Mrs. Daleson's companion - secretary, and Adèle's girlhood friend. After that, the story falls into two compartments that would be watertight were it not that Jane, in her employer's Sussex country house, is emotionally always *en rapport* with her friend across the water. That the two possessed an absolute understanding is a postulate of the book, though, like many postulates, it never quite convinces the imagination.

Snapshotted in Berlin, where he is staying at the smart Hotel Adlon, is MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE, *author, and creator of "Jeeves," the butler. Taken by the Germans at Le Touquet in their sweep across France last year, he was sent to a concentration camp, from which he is now set free. According to the report of his broadcast to New York, he can come and go as he pleases, and has been sight-seeing with the two German guards who brought him from the camp.*

A Contrast. The theme of the story seems to be that Esther, who had, materially speaking, everything on her side, makes a failure of her life, whereas Adèle, who had everything against her, makes a success of hers. Esther's character, drawn with so much subtlety that she sometimes reminds one of an aroma, an atmosphere, rather than a person, is to a great extent a product, or at any rate a reflection, of her circumstances. Possessions mean a great deal to her, for she can have a stable relationship with them. But people disappoint her; they cannot pierce the shell of her egoism or release her from her self-chain. Neither her husband nor her daughter gives her the affection she feels to be her due; Sandys, the rough-mannered pianist who haunts her house, stays there, she suspects, for what he can get, not from affection for her. So she turns to Jane, and tries to give and receive back from her the emotional friendship for which her nature was starving, but this attempt, too, ends in failure, while the war afflicts her with an ever-increasing spiritual *malaise*.

M. MAISKY, *Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, seen with* MME. MAISKY *during a recent visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, last week welcomed in London the Russian Military Mission to Great Britain. It was hardly a week after the British Services Mission, led by Major-General Mason-Macfarlane, arrived in Moscow, evidence of the close co-operation which is taking place between British and Soviet officers against our common enemy.*

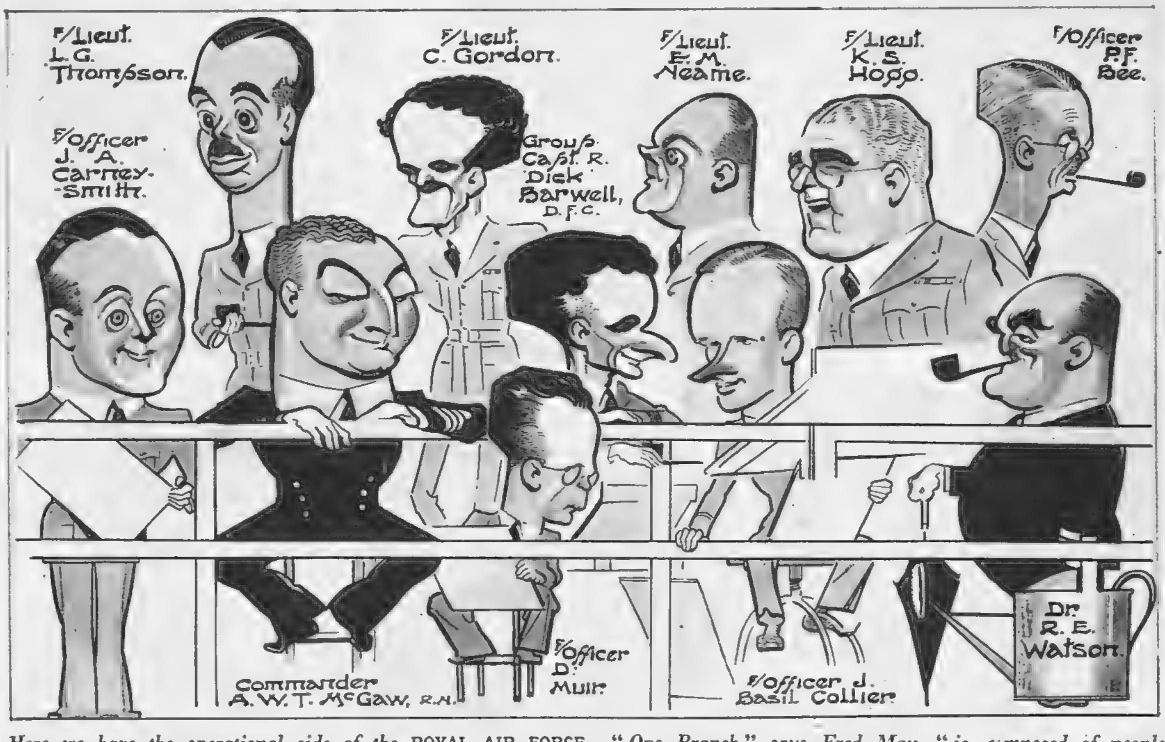
Two-Dimensional Figures. Of all these shadows on the wall, Esther, though her portrait is drawn with the greatest attention to detail, is also the most shadowy. But none of the characters is very distinct, except Sandys, and he is rather a type than an individual: the uninhibited artist who speaks his mind and takes his pleasure where he finds it. Perhaps we are meant to understand that it is the war that has robbed these people of their three-dimensional quality. They seem unreal because they are presented against a catastrophe too enormous to be assimilated into their private lives. Bewildered, they grope about seeking direction, like benighted travellers on a road from which all signposts and milestones have been removed. If this was the spiritual condition Miss Beauclerk meant to describe, she has done it very well—better, I think, than she does the other side of the picture—the French side. The French side is interesting because it throws light on the attitude of our late Allies towards the war, and us; but Adèle, whose nature the war strengthened, seems to me less convincing than Esther, whose forces it depleted. She has a braver heart and a nicer character than most of those around her, she is a faithful wife to the absent Roger, and a faithful friend to Jane. "Adèle, friend to Jane; Jane, friend to Adèle": this is how they might be listed among the *dramatis personæ* of a play. They have little independent existence apart from each other. But perhaps the author does not mean they should have: they, too, are "shadows on the wall," living wraiths drained of personality by the extra-human forces of the war.

Lemmy Caution Again. Mr. Lemmy Caution has this in common with Cleopatra, that age cannot wither him. He must now be considerably older than when he first began his career as a G-man, but his toughness, his lightning quickness with fist, tongue or gun, and his capacity for drinking are as pronounced as ever. He still retains the qualities which have made him the foremost of the detectives who work with hand as well as with head. "Me," he remarks, "I have always found that when you get an idea you gotta play it the way it comes to you, and that whatever happens you got to do it quick"; and throughout "Your Deal, My Lovely," Lemmy lives up to his slogan. A certain amount of sympathy is due to Inspector Herrick, who is kept more in the dark than the reader, and who is nevertheless expected to render assistance at appropriate moments. But Lemmy's charm protects him from the wrath of his colleagues, and when exercised on the fair ladies who flit like butterflies (though armed with more offensive weapons than any carried by our lepidoptera) through the pages, it so dazzles them that their efficiency is vitally impaired. It is pleasant also to reflect that, if Lemmy grows older, the powers of invective with which Mr. Peter Cheyney has endowed him wax rather than wane with the flight of time.

India and Canada. New additions to the "Britain in Pictures" series include "India," by Sir Firozkhan Noon and "Canada," by Lady Tweedsmuir. Both writers achieve prodigies of compression in the short space at their disposal, but Sir Firozkhan Noon's achievement is the more remarkable, since the history of India goes back almost to the beginnings of civilisation, and can boast the oldest books in the world, the Vedas (2500-2000 B.C.). His survey has the merits of being at once general and detailed, learned and simple. His accounts of religious systems in India could hardly be excelled for clarity and brevity. The Jains, he says—

> pay such regard to the sacredness of life that they go to the extent of putting a muslin cloth in front of their noses with a view to protecting themselves against the sin of swallowing germs which they might breathe in with the air. They are atheists [he rather surprisingly adds], and do not believe in the next world.

From what sense of compulsion, one wonders, if they are atheists, do they put themselves to so much inconvenience? The author deals compendiously with every aspect of India, geographical, political, industrial, social, economic, artistic; and his survey gains immensely from the lovely illustrations, the coloured reproductions of William Daniell's water-colours being particularly attractive. Lady Tweedsmuir had, perhaps, an easier task in describing Canada, and she, too, has delightful pictures to help her. The satisfactory relations between the English and French settlers—the "habitants"—provide one of the happiest and most encouraging sections of her book. Happy the nation that has no history. Canada has a history—a short one that tells of growing prosperity. May it defy precedent, and grow happier with the passing years.



Here we have the operational side of the ROYAL AIR FORCE. *"Ops Branch," says Fred May, "is composed of people who are in the know," and this little gallery includes the Naval Liaison Officer and the meteorological expert, Dr. Watson, complete with "brolly" and watering-can—a proper Jupiter Pluvius.* (DRAWN BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Presenting Moonshine. By John Collier. (*Macmillan; 8s. 6d.*)
Shadows on the Wall. By Helen Beauclerk. (*Gollancz; 8s.*)
Your Deal, My Lovely. By Peter Cheyney. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
India. By Sir Firozkhan Noon. (*Penns in the Rocks Press: Collins; 3s. 6d.*)
Canada. By Lady Tweedsmuir. (*Penns in the Rocks Press: Collins; 3s. 6d.*)

The fifteenth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

"BLITHE SPIRIT," *Noel Coward's new play at the Piccadilly, is described by the author as an improbable farce. It is also very funny. Ruth* (FAY COMPTON) *is telling Madame Arcati* (MARGARET RUTHERFORD) *about Elvira, who ". . . started laughing helplessly at a B.B.C. musical concert and died of a heart attack." Elvira was the first wife of Ruth's husband, Charles, and her spirit, conjured up at a séance, is proving troublesome.*

The séance, with (l. to r., round table) Dr. Bradman (MARTIN LEWIS), *Mrs. Bradman* (MOYA NUGENT), *Charles* (CECIL PARKER), *and Ruth* (FAY COMPTON). *Madame Arcati, the medium* (MARGARET RUTHERFORD), *is presiding. The result of the séance is a materialisation of Elvira, who is audible and visible only to Charles.*

"Ruth was right—you did want to kill me—you have done something to the car." Charles accuses the ghost of Elvira, and she admits the truth. Unfortunately, Ruth has taken the car, and been killed.

Left: An awkward breakfast. Ruth, Charles's second wife, who is unable to see the ghostly Elvira, is furious with Charles for his peculiar behaviour and apparent rudeness to her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN EVERARD.

Right: "If you were dead she would have you on her damned astral plane for ever and I would be left high and dry. She is probably planning a spiritual re-marriage. . . ." Ruth tells Charles her suspicions of the ghostly Elvira.

The living second wife watched by the ghostly first; Elvira (KAY HAMMOND) *is invisible to Ruth* (FAY COMPTON), *but can be seen and heard by Charles.*

Elvira is scornful of the séance by which Madame Arcati hopes to send her back to the Elysian Fields, and remarks to Charles: "She is in one of her damned trances again and I am here as much as ever I was."

IMPROBABLE COWARD FARCE.

CROSS INTO STAR.*

By L. LUARD.

THE commanding officer read the typewritten orders, moved to a calendar on his desk, and put a neat cross against the date. He pressed a bell and glanced at a photograph of his wife, letting his thoughts wing through space.

" Probably tucking up the youngsters," he mused. " Ten more crosses and I 'm due for leave. I wonder if they 'll remember me ? "

He turned as his first lieutenant entered. " Usual orders for to-morrow, Leach. Steam by dawn. Routine sweep with our sister-ship, and the Dan layer checking the marks."

The other grinned. " Right, Sir. This job 's a rest-cure after Dover. Out and in, out and in, with nothing to report. How many crosses have you tallied up, Sir ? Sixty ? High time we earned a star."

" You 're too much of a firebrand, Leach."

" Firebrand, Sir ! I used to be the underling selected to placate difficult customers. Their fireworks were far more dangerous ; I stood a thousand chances of losing not my life but my living ! "

" Blue eyes and fair hair," Greaves murmured. " Well, that 's over for good."

" Thank the Lord ! But when we 've finished our job I suppose you 'll return to your office and make a mint of money."

A LONG LINE OF MERCHANT SHIPS IN CONVOY. *In the foreground is one of the minesweepers which keep sea lanes and channels clear for them.*

His companion ran a hand through his dark hair, already streaked with grey. " I don't know. Money won't be much use, and values have changed. High time, too. A lot of us were purblind before the war."

" I suppose we were, Sir. But we 've our eyes wide open now. Still, we could do with a mine before leave—just to justify our existence."

" Quite wrong," Greaves pursued. " We may want mines ; our superiors don't. A clear channel is the ideal. The convoys work without diversion ; traffic flows unimpeded ; the lanes are safe and sound. An empty sweep is as great a sign of success as an empty trawl is of failure. But I can't make you fellows see it."

" True enough, Sir," the other returned ruefully. " Our job 's a sentry-beat of the invisible. But you 'll never convince the fishermen in our crew. A watery haul still causes consternation."

The commanding officer smiled. He felt the ship settle against her fenders, and listened to the low plaint of the wind in the rigging. " Perhaps it does. Force of habit, I suppose. War brings consternation in its wake, but steels men's hearts. There 'll be plenty of mines to sweep, once we 've won. Didn't I say values have changed ? "

Dawn filtered through the curtain of darkness in streaks of translucent light, moulding the faint tracery of coast and harbour, of houses and waterfront, of mist-shrouded hill and trees into growing relief.

Greaves climbed the bridge ladder, buttoned his duffle coat, and glanced at the standard compass. Always before slipping he spent a minute reviewing events. The mental pictures, the sequence of cause and effect had become a ritual. From every port and harbour minesweepers were proceeding to sea. The chain of ships girdled the coast of the kingdom, each an essential link. They were grey ghosts, bosom companions of grey dawns. They were of all types and sizes—trawlers, drifters, and paddle-boats, the new and the old mingling in ceaseless unity of purposes. They swept and maintained the lanes and channels ; they searched and cleared dangerous areas ; they dealt in their own fashion with the menace of the invisible, mastering and controlling it in diverse ways. Solitary patrol-boats blessed them on entering and returning to harbour ; hurrying destroyers waved them a far-flung greeting ; an occasional battleship smiled in august approval ; and the free-flowing traffic of the nation looked on them with universal pride and affection, born of faith and trust.

Greaves liked to hold that picture in his mind ; it formed a solid background for each day's work, banishing monotony, creating confidence, inspiring courage. He realised, too, the magnitude of the task and the issues at stake. Upon continuity of effort and the toil of hundreds of small ships devolved the welfare of millions with the future of freedom, a vital spark to all existence.

" Ready for sea, Sir," the first lieutenant reported. " Mines in the offing ? Not on your life ! Only nine days more to justify our existence and earn our leave."

Greaves raised an admonishing finger. " Watch your words. Plenty of them in the offing. Too many, Leach. You mean mines in the channel."

" That 's right, Sir. I never shine at the break of day. I prefer my bunk. Starboard gear ? "

Greaves nodded ; he leaned over the bridge dodger. " Let go for'ard ; let go aft. Slow ahead. Port ten."

The weathered piles of the jetty slid astern. Ahead the Dan laying trawler was already steaming seawards, a white furrow at her bow. He watched his sister-ship back clear, an Admiralty trawler completed since the war. With her high whaleback falling into the curve and soar of the hull, the slender rake of mast and funnel, the clean, clipped round of the stern, she looked able and efficient, beauty of line and form blending with strength and seaworthiness.

" Lovely ships," Leach commented, glancing cautiously at his superior. " But too lively, Sir. One wants an extra pair of knee-joints in a seaway."

Greaves smiled. " You 'll never be content."

" Never, Sir—until—not even then. I like to grouse first thing in the morning ; it clears the air. Besides, we must keep the designers in their place, otherwise they'd become swollen-headed and never let us keep our meals down."

On the bridge the OFFICER OF THE WATCH *keeps his eyes open for enemy 'planes.*

" Don't forget Nelson."

" Nelson ! His tummy must have given him a rotten time. If I suffered from sea-sickness I 'd have kept to the beach and tried to emulate Wellington. Do you think My Lords would grant me a transfer, Sir ? "

" I 'm quite sure they won't."

" Unless I 'm dismissed my ship. But I 'm due for my second stripe in a month, and shan't know myself."

Greaves liked the light-hearted banter of his first lieutenant that cloaked initiative and efficiency. He, himself, twenty years older, found levity hard to compass. Certain moments bit deep into memory; the loss of his first ship off the East Coast on a magnetic mine ; the bombing at Dunkirk; the confusion and chaos at Bordeaux—scenes that often recurred, flashing like sudden visions across the mind.

He swung his ship into line astern of the leader, saw the watches set, and made up the log. The leisurely pulse of the engines, beating like an immense heart, symbolised hidden might, a slow gathering of strength and power for an appointed task. He watched the ship ahead and adjusted the revolutions. The leisurely pace, the slow lift of the bows to a long ground swell, the bold, high-line of the coast, pierced with hidden defences, the steady ascent of the sun above the horizon soothed the senses. On each side of the bridge a look-out searched sea and sky.

They reached their turning mark, swung at right angles, and stopped engines. Aft, the first lieutenant superintended the streaming of the gear. The evolution had become inherent through skill born of long practice. The otter, hooked to the davit fall;

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

Continued.]

clanged over the side, was tripped, and lay steady, held by the sweep wire; the float hoisted outboard, streamed astern, followed by a low splash as the otter found freedom; the winches ran free and easy, veering the wire with its cutters. Steaming slow ahead, Greaves watched the float steal steadily on the quarter, its small tattered flag fluttering in self-created wind. Then the kite ran down the wire and the gear tautened, vibrating and humming. He ordered sweeping revolutions, taking station on his sister-ship two cables distant. Far ahead, he saw the first mark buoy, a speck on the pellucid expanse of water; and astern, trailing in a concave loop, ready to force the moorings of any mine into steel jaws, rode the sweep—two hundred and fifty fathoms of serrated wire breasting the waters at set depth and steady speed.

They made the first mark, passing it close to port. "Leave everything on the free side," Greaves murmured inconsequentially. Once, in days of inexperience, he had altered course the wrong way to avoid a channel buoy and parted his sweep—a sin of commission he had long remembered.

He glanced at his sister-ship, dead on the beam. Silhouetted against the eye of the sun, she stood dark and purposeful, steaming athwart a lane of glittering waters; he noticed the upward tilt of the anti-aircraft guns and realised the need for vigilance. For several weeks no attacks had been made, a lull that riled the guns' crews. To them a winged 'plane would be worth all the mines swept since the beginning of the war.

THE GUNNER *silhouetted with his multiple A.-A. guns aboard a minesweeper.*

Suddenly a string of flags rose at the sister-ship's yard-arm. "Sweep parted; disregard my movements," the signalman reported, adding under his breath, "Blimey! Bunts must have done a refresher course. Never seen him so lively afore."

Greaves watched through binoculars. A cut sweep might mean anything. Then, realising she was turning to recover float and otter, he knew the wire had parted at the rollers — chafed through by long usage.

"Nothing doing, Sir," the signalman reported. "Thought she might——"

Ready to fire. Dive-bombing enemy 'planes will get a hot reception.

He never finished the sentence. A shout from the starboard look-out sent Greaves jumping to the alarm gong. Instantly, as though the ship had sprung to life, men ran forward and aft to action stations. Greaves saw Leach, tin helmet slanted on his head, climb to the forward twin Vickers.

"Coming out of the eye of the sun—two, three, four, Sir," the signalman announced in matter-of-fact tones. "Dive-bombers, by the look of 'em. Nasty wasps with a sting in their tails."

"The trouble is wasps don't always die when they sting," Greaves murmured.

"No, Sir?"

"Not unless we kill them."

"That's right, Sir. I bet Pincher 'll make it hot enough. Owns a first-class eye, he does."

Greaves watched them. They were falling like plummets—black dots swelling rapidly in size. He caught the faint high-pitched drone of engines. "Slow both; hard a-starboard," he ordered.

"Slow both; wheel hard a-starboard, Sir," came the reply.

"Watch her, cox'un."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

Greaves shouted to Leach: "Hold your fire until they're at a thousand feet," and saw the other's arm raised in acknowledgment.

He felt calm and collected. The swing of the ship would cause the dive-bombers more concern than his guns' crews. Already they were slightly out of line, following one another at irregular intervals.

A moment later came the piercing whistle of falling bombs. The water a cable ahead erupted in tall columns, white as snow.

"Full ahead both; helm amidships," Greaves ordered, accepting the risk of parting the sweep, and ducked as a reverberating explosion on the beam sent the ship heeling to port.

He heard then the sharp staccato of machine-guns piercing the whir and scream of engines, the strident reply of the Vickers. The first and second 'planes were already pulling out of their dive, sweeping and soaring over the ship. Then, without warning, part of the leader's left wing crumpled and disintegrated; he side-slipped to port, turned somersault, and hurtled into the sea.

"Good old Pincher!" the signalman encouraged. "Put paid to him, you have. And the next, mate."

"Slow both," Greaves ordered, his brain crystal clear. He watched the last stick of bombs falling—black specks fine on the bow, realised they would miss, and ducked again to avoid a spate of machine-gun bullets that spattered against hull and funnel.

The roar and drone receded, modulating octave by octave; and the sudden silence sweeping in from space seemed ominous, oppressive. Greaves searched the sea without result for wreckage, realised his sister-ship was intact, then saw all was not well forward.

"The first lieutenant, Sir," the signalman muttered. "Copped the machine-gunning."

For a moment Greaves stood still, as though his self-assurance had weakened. Then, bending over the voice-pipe, he ordered, "Steer east; half-speed ahead both. Keep a look-out for me, cox'un"; and hurried down the bridge ladder. The ship seemed unnaturally large; the sea a vast, limitless wilderness; the sky a curved infinity, a gateway to endless space.

He met the Vickers guns' crew carrying Leach aft. "My cabin," he said briefly, then turned to the gunlayer, "Well done, Martin. Fine work——"

"Thank 'ee, Sir. But 'twas the first lieutenant that gave him to me. Made me hold my fire."

Greaves nodded. He watched them settle Leach in his bunk with care and solicitude and stand back to hear the verdict.

To his delight he saw the other's eyes open, the suspicion of a smile cross his pale face. "Hullo, Sir."

"Aboard your ship, old chap."

"Yes—of course." He paused, searching for words. "We were firing at those dive-bombers, weren't we? Something caught me an almighty thump, and that's all I remember."

"We shot one down."

Leach tried to sit up. "Splendid, Sir! . . . It's only my right shoulder. Nothing else. Bleeding a bit. Jolly good shooting, Martin."

"Thanks to you, Sir."

One of the gallant MINE-SWEEPING TRAWLERS *returns to port after night patrol.*

"Thanks to me! Had you been bluff and burly you'd have caught the bullet instead." He turned as Greaves cut his coat, examined the wound, and dressed it. "Do you think My Lords will grant me that transfer, Sir?"

"Yes; to hospital, then leave."

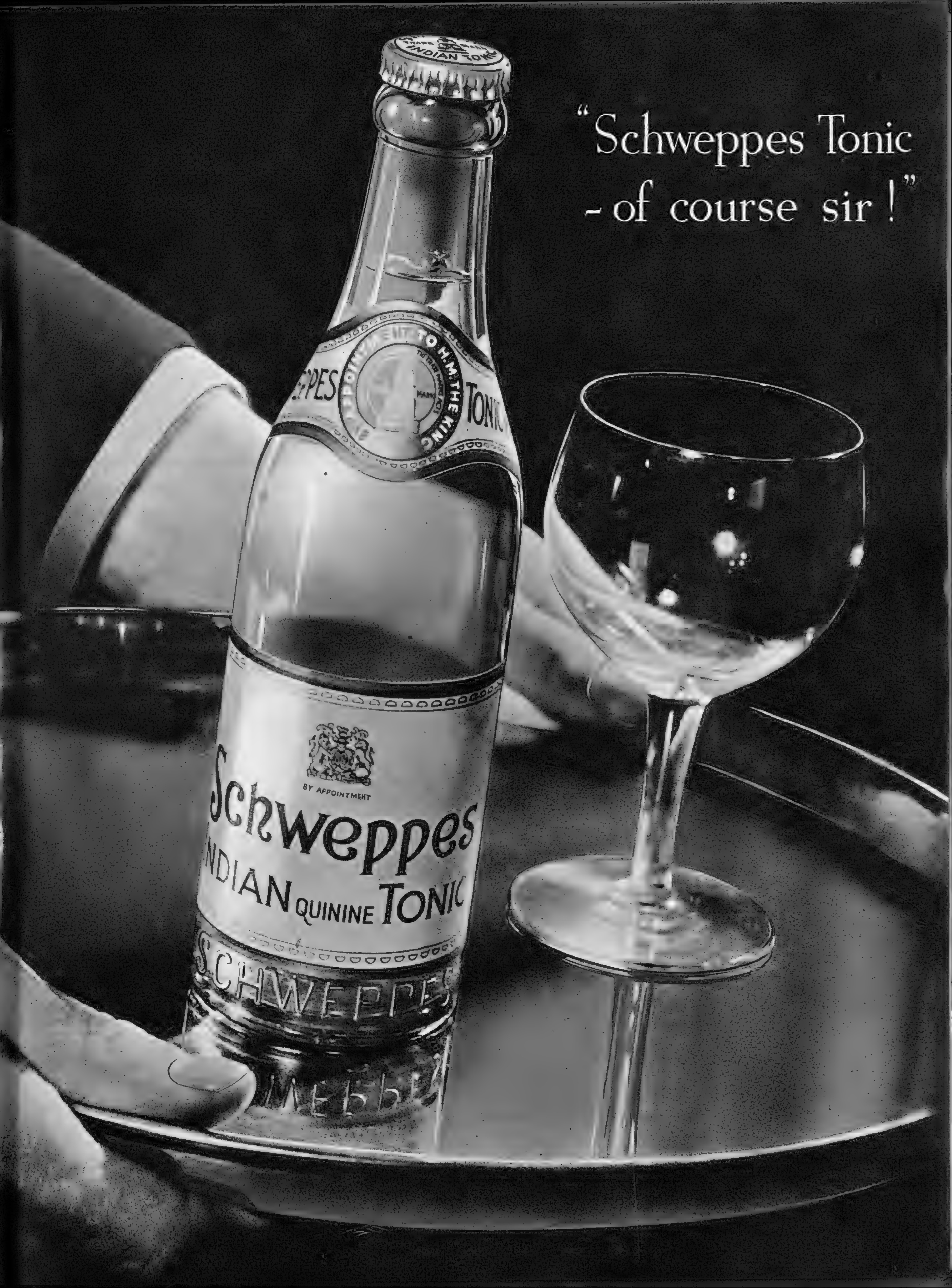
Leach chuckled. "I didn't bargain for an enforced rest cure, but at least we've justified our existence. I'm all right, Sir, though I'll have to leave the sentry-beat of the invisible to you. What's the betting we round the day off with a mine?"

Greaves picked up his cap. "High time I left. You're a hopeless firebrand. Didn't I say values have changed?"

"Of course you did, Sir. Now I see what you meant. A 'plane's worth—how many mines? That doesn't really matter. What does, is that we'll be top dog of the flotilla."

"Ay; that we will, Sir," Martin asserted.

"And you'll become a gunlayer—first-class, Martin." He turned to Greaves. "And you, Sir—at last you'll be able to change your calendar by turning a cross into a star." [THE END.


"Schweppes Tonic
- of course sir!"
BY APPOINTMENT
Schweppes
QUININE

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"THAT 'S it," agreed Our Stroller, " one law for the Poor, and another for the Poorer. I 've had experience of both, so I ought to know."

" You don't pay tax on speculation," hinted the broker.

" Does anybody speculate in these days? I thought that cash dealings had made it impossible ? "

The two Stock Exchange men laughed. " You are a very diligent student of the newspapers," the partner commented——

" I might have made money out of your South African boomlet if it hadn't been for the papers," Our Stroller said. " They put me off with their warnings against what might happen if the Cape stopped its buying."

" That advice is money for old rope. You have only to keep on saying that a rise can't last, and you 're bound to come right sooner or later."

" The sky 's the ceiling when Johannesburg is on the feed. Mind you, it 's needful to be nippy if you gamble in company with the Cape. No use waiting for the top brick off the chimney."

" I suppose it 's the Cape that has been running this ? "

" Well, it isn't Paris, dearie. Or Berlin. Our own people have been playing quite a bit. Some of the developments have been good enough to justify the rise, up to a point."

" ' Up to a point ' is right. To my mind, it 's running risks to buy any of that group on top of the rise."

" And now who 's talking like a newspaper ? " Our Stroller demanded triumphantly. " I suppose you will say ' Sell Kaffirs and buy Gilts.' "

" ' Gilts ' ? Oh, horrible word ! You hardly ever hear it in the House, except from newly-admitted blue-button boys who want to sound technical."

" But gilt-edged——"

" You can't go wrong with them. Haven't I drummed that into you over and over again ? "

" I believe," replied Our Stroller a little stiffly, " that I have heard you express a similar opinion on some former occasion."

" I 've consistently told you that you were perfectly safe in following the War Loan and Consols and anything else in that market."

" What would be the good of ' following ' the stocks ? Better to get ahead of them, surely."

The broker, muttering something about a perverted sense of humour, jumped up impatiently and announced that he had to go across to the House. His client—like her Mother—came too.

" Fine, from the national point of view," a dealer in the Consol Market was saying. " Saves the country millions of pounds in interest. But very tough for people who depend upon dividends from gilt-edged stocks for their income. They must accept a low rate, on the one hand, and pay a rasping tax on the other."——" You can't spend the money if you 've got it. Which I haven't. I want more petrol——"

" So do most of us. But gallons of petrol have been used every day for sheer joy-riding. It had to be stopped. Don't you think so, young fellow ? " he asked a Guardsman who came up to shake hands. The Guardee lifted one shoulder. He gave them an instance or two of the way in which petrol has been wasted in the Army. It all sounded rather incredible. " But the food is not too bad," added this Stock Exchange soldier ; " and most of the officers know their jobs."

" Ought one to buy oil shares ? " suggested Our Stroller.

" Wait for a dull day," the broker advised. " Then you might help yourself to Shells or Burmah, or Mex. Eagle."

" Mexican Eagle ? "

" There 's been a tip going round for the past week or two to buy the shares. I give it to you for what it 's worth."

" That 's not a definite reason, but thanks for the tip ! "

" Oh, that 's all right, old boy. Stick to the old-fashioned investments, if you 'd rather. You 're less liable to lose money out of them. Yes, laddie, that 's mine."

He took a telegram from the youthful messenger in Home Guard uniform and read, with a perplexed look, the contents of the wire, which, Our Stroller noticed, was marked " Priority."

" What 's to be done ? " asked the broker, tapping the telegram with his pencil. " Chap says ' Sell my Rails if think fit.' He is running a few thousand—nothing very great—and he can take a profit. What ought I to do ? I wish to goodness he would decide for himself, and not land me with the responsibility."

" Aren't the Home Railway dividends due very soon ? " Our Stroller enquired.

" They all come together ; on the twenty-fifth of this month. And we don't know how they 're going to turn out. Confound this chap ! I want to do the best I can for him, but whatever I do is sure to be wrong."

" The dividends will be the same as last year's at this time. They 're only interims, you know. And they will have no effect upon the market, one way or the other." The jobber spoke with a serene confidence that bordered upon condescension.

" Someone been whispering advance information into your pearly ear," protested a fellow-dealer. " Not but what I think it 's likely to be correct. Anything to do, Sir ? " he enquired of the broker. " You look worried."

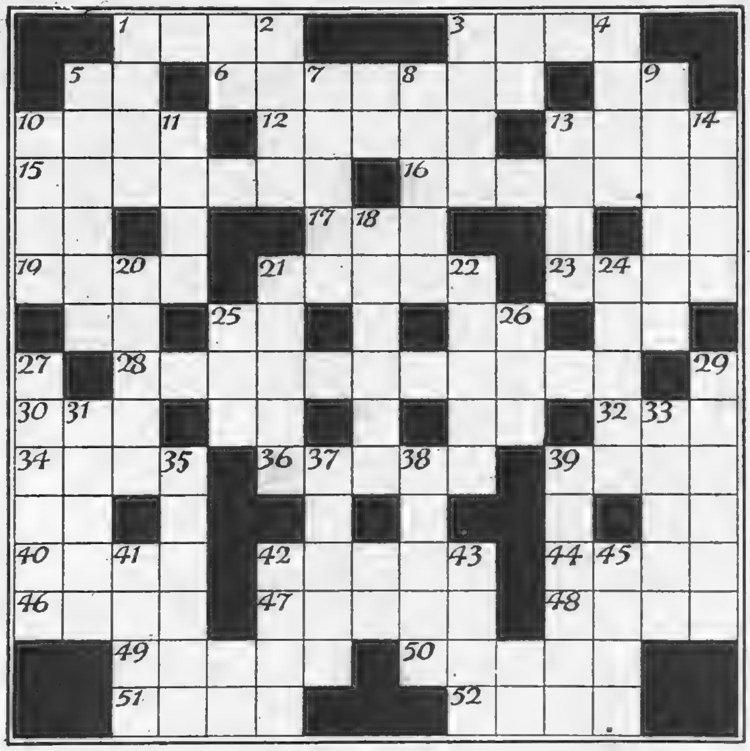
" So would you, if you had an order like this. Read it for yourself. I have no intention of dealing with you, so it 's quite all right."

" H'm ; bit of a poser. What are you going to say ? "

" I shall say that prices might go back on the eve of the dividends if people sell in anticipation of possible surprises, but that a recovery, on consideration of the yields, is likely to take place subsequently."

Friday, July 11, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. This precedes No. 3 Across (4).
3. This precedes No. 26 Down (3).
6. Whisky is usually drunk thus (7).
10. Visit (4).
12. Militant cleric? (5).
13. Often decorated (4).
15. " Dead nut " (anag.; 7).
16. Donkey heads rude disturbance (7).
17. Starts Nos. 7 and 11 Down (3).
19. Support in war (4).
21. Precious stone (5).
23. Nice on the back (4).
28. Ingot inside might produce this (11).
30. Here one 40 and drinks (3).
32. This vessel may leak (3).
34. A tell-tale gas (4).
36. Come in! (5).
39. Drinks (4).
40. Consumes (4).
42. Turn aside (5).
44. Ringing laugh? (4).
46. Funeral pace (4).
47. This again means no repetition (5).
48. Comfort (4).
49. This crossing involves risk (5).
50. Intimidate (5).
51. Common match-end (4).
52. You can spot these easily (4).

DOWN.

1. Quadrupled after No. 1 Across (4).
2. Nuptial ammunition (4).
3. Low-20 tracts (4).
4. Opposite part of No. 47 Across (4).
5. Haunts of bargees (6).
7. Useful for spooning (5).
8. Slimy parasite (5).
9. First letter in Crete (6).
10. Where the weeds come from (4).
11. Quite at home with a lord (4).
13. Excrescence or depression (4).
14. What the Greeks fought against (4).
18. What criminals fear (6).
20. What Hitler excels in (5).
21. Woman in white—generally (5).
22. Procrastinator's favourite word (5).
24. Make nought of (5).
25. One end of a snake (3).
26. Announcing time (3).
27. Lovers' lip-salves (6).
29. In a line that begins an epic (6).
31. This officer goes to sea (5).
33. Bognor and Lyme No. 25 Down this (5).
35. " Sew an R " (anag.; 6).
37. Not so uncommon as it sounds (5).
38. Went astray (5).
39. Heraldic hue (6).
41. Those who have No. 38 Down get this off (4).
42. Freshly (4).
43. Portion reversed (4).
45. Terriers are rough on these (4).

(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 2.

ACROSS.—1. Missive. 5. Tenders. 9. Needles. 10. Row-port. 11. Ruhr. 12. Trial. 13. Liar. 16. Handel. 17. Miserere. 19. Full stop. 21. Fillip. 25. Note. 26. Begum. 27. Mimi. 30. Armenia. 31. Tertial. 32. Torrent. 33. Charity.

DOWN.—1. Monarch. 2. Stephen. 3. Isle. 4. Ensure. 5. Terrapin 6. Newt. 7. Erosive. 8. Set free. 14. Verse. 15. Tepid. 18. Covenant 19. Fondant. 20. Latimer. 22. Luigini. 23. Paisley. 24. Rustic 28. Knee. 29. Aria.

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Such as?

3% Defence Bonds never fluctuate in value, which means you can always get what you paid for them.

Any other points?

Yes. They are repayable after 7 years with a bonus of 1/- for each £5 invested; interest is paid half-yearly and Income Tax is not deducted from it at source.

How and where do I buy them?

In units of £5 through any Bank, Trustee Savings Bank, Post Office or Stockbroker, or by instalments by means of 2/6d. National Savings Stamps.

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Any limit to holdings?

No individual may hold, or have an interest in, more than £1,000 worth.

3% Defence Bonds

This space has been placed at the disposal of The National Savings Committee by Messrs. Whitbread & Co. Ltd.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

WOMEN IN WARTIME

SUNRAY PLEATING RETURNS
THE MODISH REDINGOTE
CLASSIC BLACK FROCKS

BLUE and WHITE

MARGARET MARKS, Knightsbridge, has not overlooked the fact that summer is far from over. Therefore, she has contributed to this page the altogether charming crêpe dress above with sunray pleated skirt finished with white collar and cuffs, the scheme being completed with a narrow belt. There are many variations on this theme, some accompanied with short tailored coats. Furthermore, she has faith in the return of the redingote, or, as it is sometimes called, the "coat-frock." Of course, the classic black dress which may be varied with accessories is well represented: she contends that the cut and the quality of the material must be excellent. Again, there are "relaxation" outfits for wearing when service kit is discarded.

NOW here is a great surprise and a pleasant one. Percy Vickery, 245, Regent Street, is offering in his sale a limited number of furs which were made up before the Purchase Tax was introduced, but that does not signify that they are "coupon"-free. It is in his salons that the handsome coat and muff may be seen. They are carried out in ocelot trimmed with nutria—furs that, in addition to being decorative, wear remarkably well. There are a number of mink, dyed ermine, and blended musquash models. Furthermore, there are short coats and boleros of natural Australian opossum. They have been specially designed for wearing with summer frocks when the evenings are chilly.

OCELOT and NUTRIA

The ALL ROUND PLEATED SKIRT with SINGLE MATERIAL OVER THE HIPS

Could there be a more suitable summer skirt than the "KONERAY"? All-round pleats knife edged and graduated to taper off into a single thickness of material over the hips. Here is swing and freedom and the slenderising grace of converging lines to make the smartest of all skirts. Sold in a variety of quality fabrics, including Cream Serge and Irish Linen, by drapers and stores everywhere, the "KONERAY" is well worth an immediate surrender of six coupons. Prices from 2 GNS.

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"Koneray" PATENT PLEADING PLEATED SKIRTS

Coupons can't cramp Charm...

when its safe and sure foundation is a **KAYSER 7-SIZE SLIP**

You have always taken for granted not merely the perfect fit of Kayser 7-Size Underwear—but its superlative quality. In fact, every exquisite Kayser garment you have ever possessed has probably surprised you by the way it wears—and wears.

Remember that the fit and style of all your clothes depend on the fit and style of your underwear. That is why, when worn over the sure foundation of Kayser Quality, everything else keeps its charm and grace no matter how long you have to make it do.

Remember, too, that Kayser have been making quality-tailored underwear for over 35 years. So you can be quite confident that in 1941 even more than in 1906, Kayser Quality will be even more jealously safeguarded.

KAYSER TRADE MARK

Insist on seeing this label on every Kayser garment you buy

PRINCESS SLIPS		Bust	
K.7	Rayon Satin	32", 34", 36" . . .	**8/11**
		38", 40" . . .	**9/11**
K.C.7	Rayon Crêpe	42", 44" . . .	**11/6**
FRENCH KNICKERS		Waist	
F.K.4	Rayon Satin	25", 27", 30", 33"	**5/9**
F.K.C.4	Rayon Crêpe	- - - - -	**5/9**

Shades: Nectarine, Ivory, Azure, Black

THESE PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO THE ADDITION OF PURCHASE TAX

KAYSER

7-size tailored underwear

LONDON · BALDOCK, HERTS · BIGGLESWADE, BEDS · DOWLAIS, GLAM

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"Good Health!"

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Lime Juice 2/6
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